



CHRISTMAS 1953

1953



The Christmas War Cry

1953

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The War Cry



Official Organ of

The Salvation Army

in Canada and Bermuda
538 Jarvis Street, Toronto

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The Real Meaning of

Christmas

(From the Illustrated London News)

SOON it will be Christmas. In millions of homes across the country families and kinsmen will sit down together, eat a little more than is good for them and make merry. There will be a slight, temporary, yet perceptible all-round rising of the temperature of human kindness.

What does it all mean? For a minority, Christmas is a religious commemoration, the highlight of the Christian year. For a majority, it is merely a feast and a holiday, and is kept by them because their fathers kept it, because their earliest memories of celebration and family reunion go back to Christmas Day.

The "Christian myth": that is how "clever" men refer to the body of Christian belief out of which the Christmas feast rises. But before we dismiss the "myth" there are certain historical facts which we should do well to remember.

The first is that on a specific day there was born in the manger of a poor inn in Judea a child called Jesus. He was not a prince or a statesman or a warrior. He was not a member of a conquering race; He wrote no book, raised no artistic monument. His years on earth were few and lived out in a poor, obscure conquered province. He was regarded by cultivated and educated contemporaries as a person of no consequence. As a matter of prosaic history, it is to celebrate this Man's birth that we sit down to eat roast turkey and plum pudding. It takes, one might think, much explanation.

The theological interpretation put by churches and scholars on Christ's reported words has varied in all ages and varies to this day. What there never has been any doubt about is that those who knew Christ best during His life, and particularly after His terrible and agonizing death, became convinced that He both was and knew Himself to be more than man. He believed He was the Son of God, and He succeed-

ed, in the teeth of every opposition, ridicule and persecution, in communicating that belief to others.

What Jesus did caused men to worship what He was. For what He did created in those who were witnesses of it — and in those who came to learn of it only by hearsay — a conviction of what He was. The conviction was so intense that they regarded His existence on earth as infinitely the most important thing that had ever happened. Not only did they try to alter their own lives — to live, however unsuccessfully, as He had lived — but in many cases they deliberately elected to die as He had died. This is not a myth; it is fully documented history. It happened, and nothing can alter the fact.

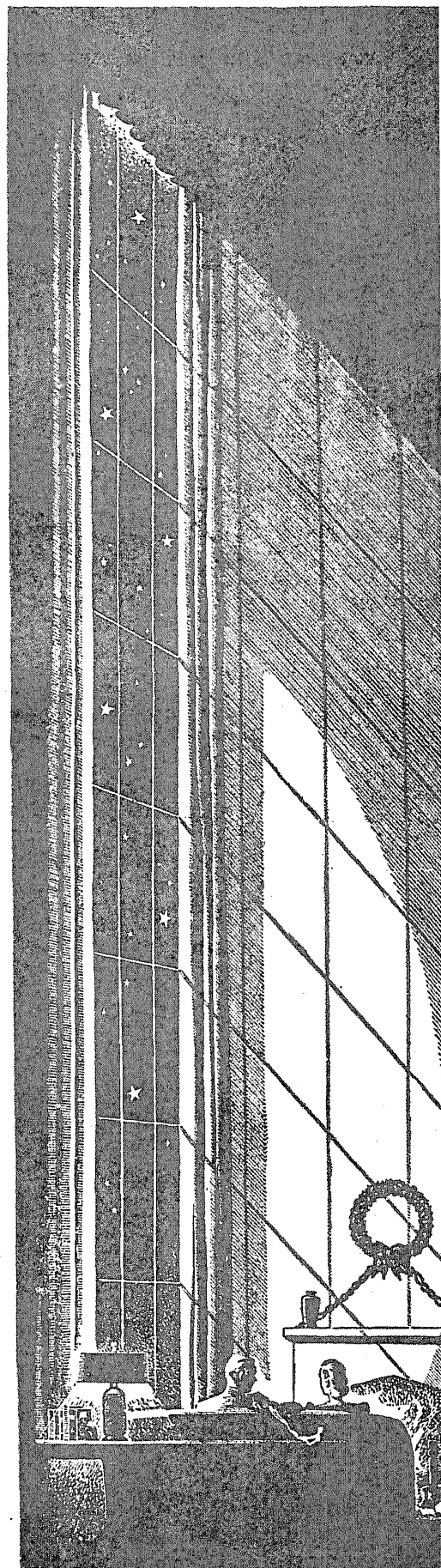
For this wonderful Man, whom those of us who call ourselves Christians believe to have been more than man, possessed an attribute which we know from our own experience to be utterly beyond the capacity of human nature. He possessed an infinite capacity for love that enabled Him to regard and treat every other being's personality, need and suffering as though they were His own. He did not love only individually and spasmodically, as all human beings at times do, even the worst and most selfish; He loved so much that all human suffering and need mattered to Him.

*Moral perfection is incompatible with human nature.

For if a perfect man existed in a world such as ours, he would die of

(Continued on page 18)

This is definitely a journalistic approach to the Christmas story and, while The War Cry is glad to print it as such it does not necessarily subscribe to all the sentiments contained therein. The Salvationist believes that Christ came not merely as an Example, but as a Saviour, capable of revolutionizing the human heart by His indwelling presence. It is gloriously possible to come, not only at Christmastime, a little nearer to Jesus, (as the writer suggests) but all through the year. But only "born-again" persons can live the victorious life from January to December.—Ed.



GENERAL AND MRS. ALBERT ORSBORN



Jesus— Yesterday, Today and

IN England, as I write, the fruit trees are proudly wearing their new dresses, glorious blossoms in prolific array. The hawthorn clusters of white and pink blossom, with their sweet fragrance, greet us from the hedges. The sun is shining, the birds singing. I heard the cuckoo this morning—and everything in nature is as idyllic as it is supposed to be “in England’s green and pleasant land” in the merry month of May.

This scene is not my natural setting for a Christmas meditation. I need bare trees, a low temperature, frost and snow, to conjure up the

kind of Christmas to which from childhood I have been accustomed. But here I sit, sending my mind forward to the day of carols and bells, even before we have commenced our summer vacation.

Our “War Cry” is circulated in so many different lands and languages, and editorial prescience is so necessary if we are to cope with the requirements of printers, publishers and public. Long before Advent, these pages must begin to recapture the light of Bethlehem’s Star, the incomparable beauty of the Nativity, and the abiding glory of the Christmas message. And why not? John Newton sang:

*“And when I am happy in Him,
December’s as pleasant as May” . . .*

And we may add, vice versa. When one is thinking of Jesus, there is no trouble with the calendar. Christmas is in May as well as in December. The small “wait” who bawls outside my house, as Christmas approaches:

*“Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer”*

has no notion of this theme, beyond the hope of good spending money. Yet he is not alone in his mistake. Even Christians are apt to forget Paul’s words “of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you.” At the best, the calendar and the clock are but aids to Christian remembrance. They deal only with the dimension of time. They assist us to remember and celebrate events; but they must not limit the great facts of our faith, nor make eternal things appear as mere period events; they are far more than that.

So I am grateful for the editorial

prodding that reminds me that thoughts about Christ and Christmas are never out of season. Jesus is never untimely, never inconvenient—except to those who reject Him—never out-of-date. When a big London daily features religion I take a lot of notice. Please read this—from the most realistic and opinion-conscious secular press:

Theologies may wither, creeds and churches may wax and wane, institutions may outlive their usefulness,

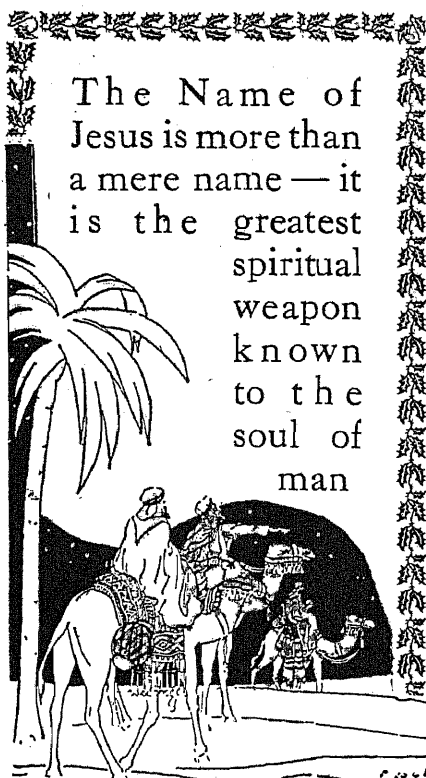
By The Army’s

the husks and shells of religion may decay. But throughout all changes in the fashion of human thought, the power of Christ to heal and to help abides.

Nothing in history can compare with the unworn, untarnished beauty of Jesus. Nothing we can say or do in these days can be more important, more reaching, more inspiring than to consider the Name of Jesus. **His is more than a mere name; it is the greatest spiritual weapon available to the soul of man.** We do not know it yet!

Secondary inspiration may be drawn from tradition, though even this has been known to fail to stimulate languid spirits; and I am now old enough to realize that the traditions which make the past come alive for me, mean nothing or almost nothing to a later generation. Personal incentives and group encouragements may play their part in keeping us going, but in these, and other such things, we find only minor aids.

The true source of spiritual power, of real uplift, never-failing, ever-new, at all seasons, is in the Name of Jesus. Few names are immortal, few carry an enduring fragrance of good-



the Name that

Forever the Same

ness. The Name of Jesus is "the same yesterday, today and for ever" and is fragrant all the time, and will be so for all eternity. God chose to reveal Himself in and through this Name, "From the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles" (Malachi 1:11).

And the Advent reminds us that the Saviour's Name is one of increasing nearness, so that Macaulay could write of Jesus:

Deity embodied in a human form,
walking among men, partaking of

International Leader *General Albert Orsborn*

their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the Cross.

When He brought His saving goodness to this bad world, He brought His Name with Him. A Name "given among men" but not given by men. a Name chosen and conferred by the Father, and announced by angels. For He was not the product of our race or age "He came down" to save us; He was not evolved; He was sent.

We had nothing to give Him, not even His name. In the Koran, the Mohammedan doctors found ninety-nine holy names for God; but not one is comparable with the name "Our Father" or "God's only begotten Son." His is a joyful Name. It is the world's supreme theme of joy and praise.

In one of the lands I knew and love, the folk use the expression. "It's Christmas!" when something is beautiful, or just as it should be.

"What was it like?" one asks, about a special occasion, a long-expected visit, and back comes the happy answer, always with a smile, and in

cheerful voice, "It was just Christmas!"

There's a testimony for you! It's grand to be in a state of soul where everything is Christmas! And it is no exaggeration to say that the Lord Jesus makes things like that for believing hearts. His birthday is always with us and not merely on December 25 do we remember His Name.

It takes me all my time, with a growing family circle, to remember the dates of all the birthdays. Perhaps even the sweetest and most-loved names will fade from the memory as the years increase, but at all times, and at all seasons, we can remember Jesus. Recall the last words of our second General—"Jesus! His beautiful Name. A Name to live by, and a Name to die by."

Just one more thought: Jesus lived up to His Name! All through His life, and when He passed into the sacramental flood, and "baptised into death", He was true to the Name given by His Father. Then He brought us—you and me, and all repentant sinners—for ever under the power and forgiveness of His Name. All He does or ever did for sinful men is for His Name's sake. He shares His Name with the lowliest, the neediest, the most sinful.

And now I lift my eyes from the desk, and look again at the world beyond my window. That silver birch, that mountain ash, and the blue sky beyond, away to far horizons, seem even lovelier.

I shall hope to celebrate Christmas Day in traditional manner. I love it all—and I hope you will do the same. Nevertheless, I declare I am grateful to the editor whose re-

Transform



THE FIRST PERSON to know the wonder of His name was His mother, Mary, to whom the angel had revealed that He should be called "Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

quest was received in March, when cold winds were chilling me, because it has made me realize that if John Newton's "summer" could "last all the year"—so can my Christmas!

* * *
Seven centuries before the birth of Jesus, the prophet Isaiah declared "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end." Isaiah 9:6, 7.

Christmas And Nothing To Give

THE FOUNDER'S QUANDARY

WE think of Christmas as a time of giving and receiving. The younger we are, the more we think only of receiving, but the older we grow, the more we think of giving, until at last there is nothing that we desire for ourselves except the opportunity and grace of giving to those we love.

"What shall I give?" becomes a very anxious and painful question when we have but little to give. I spent a night and a day once with the Founder in his home just before Christmas. He told me of his income, which was pitifully small, of the way he had to pinch and plan and economize in order to give his weekly cartridge (systematic giv-

ing by Salvationists) and fairly liberally in the collections at every meeting he attended, and yet have something left over to furnish presents for his children and numerous grandchildren at Christmas.

It was both amusing and pathetic that he, the Founder and General of the Army, world-wide in its mighty sweep and beneficent activities, should be perplexed and pinched by poverty, as so many others are when it comes to finding gifts for Christmas.

It is pitiful when little children must be denied the joy of receiving gifts on the gladdest day of all the year. It is heart-breaking when parents have no thing to give. But it has occurred to me that the finest gifts are not things. Things are material, and they lose their power to satisfy. It is not the things I received as gifts on Christmas Day, when a little boy, that now give me pleasure. Indeed, the very memory of them has perished. I cannot now recall to memory one single gift I received. They are all swallowed

By *Commissioner*
S. L. Brengle

up and lost in the abyss of my seventy-four years; but the love that prompted the gifts, the gentle and tender consideration of a little child's pleasure, these I remember. They abide; they can never perish. The sweet mother and friends have long since been lost to my sight, and the snows of many winters and the tender grasses and lovely flowers of many springs and summers have mantled their graves, but memory cherishes their love which can never be lost.

Christmas, and nothing to give! Let us think of our gift to the Great Giver. Can we not give to God on Christmas Day that which will gladden His heart—a more ardent love; a simpler, stronger faith; a more whole-hearted devotion; a greater sympathy with Him in His great longing for the Salvation of the lost? Have we given to Him thanks at the remembrance of His holiness, and His manifold mercies as we should? If not, shall we not on this Christmas Day begin to do so? He created us for His own pleasure, and can we in any way give Him such pleasure as in just giving ourselves heartily, recklessly, in tender devotion to Him and to His Christ, our Lord and Kinsman-Redeemer?

(Continued on page 13)



*The Way To Keep
Christmas
By The Founder.*

Christmas has come round again! I have always felt a peculiar interest in the season. To me it has always been more or less a lively time. I suppose Christmas has been a similarly interesting occasion to you; and it should be a season of gladness for all.

Try this Christmas, for an increase of family affection; love one another more.

Let this be a Christmas of heartfelt forgiveness, where there is anything to be forgiven.

Let this be a Christmas of practical sympathy with human sorrow. Remember the poor.

Before all else, however, let this be a Christmas of Salvation. That will make it really joyous—a pleasant memory in after years.

What Christ's Coming Meant for the Human Race

THE Saviour's attitude to women-folk and children commenced an era of emancipation and consideration hitherto unknown, and many laws and reforms have their origin in Christianity, though the Author of Christianity is often not recognized or accepted.

But then, Christianity is not a religion of law, but of salvation. It is not content with merely organizing, guiding and stimulating existing forces, but demands a new world peopled by completely regenerated men and women. Christianity is not just an ascetic humanitarianism, with a toleration for the dynamic and effective. It is shown in regenerated hearts, enlarged and enthused by divine love; this is the power of God in human lives, *Christianity in action*.

It is more than significant that Jesus' last parable should be one where love is extolled to the highest place and value. The Master here (Matthew 25:31-46) judges men by the love they have shown, not to Himself or His chosen people, but to others. All men were His brothers; He bound humanity together in one common brotherhood and friendship by no less a sacred thing than His own precious Blood. One cup of cold water given in love to a beggar on life's highway in the power of His Name should bring that one into fellowship with Christ and

make him the brother of God's only Son. Paul simply echoed the same theme and said that standing together with and in comparison with faith and hope, love stood pre-eminent, in transcending supremacy.

The Salvation Army's active pursuit and fulfilment of the Master's "inasmuch" teaching, so wonderfully visualized by the glorified Founder, has led to the vast organization now existing for the care of other lives, especially the boys and the girls. The removal from uncongenial environment to brighter and happier surroundings, the care of the body expressed in adequate food and clothing, the organizing of games and physical culture, does much to prepare this young life for manhood and womanhood.

The mind is also very important, as expressed in the ideal home environment—spontaneity, opportunities for expression (not suppression, or, thank God, depression), and in the directing of youthful energies. Youth is the time for adventure, the time to attempt and to achieve, for dreaming dreams, for visions and thoughts of the future, and how important that the right creative and moulding influence should be brought to bear upon the young lives thus sheltered, so that when the shelter is removed and the restraint has gone, foundations of character in love, honor and purity



will stand the most severe test to which they are subjected.

Spiritual teaching underlies all the work—Sunday meetings, Bible classes, study groups, etc., all give opportunity to stress the importance of character and trustworthiness. Individual attention and guidance, so necessary and vital in adolescent years, culminates in placing the young people in suitable trades and professions for future service in the community, thus ensuring their re-absorption into society, fitted in every way to play a noble part. — G.T.

CHRISTMAS CHEER GIFTS

A PERSON in Winnipeg, Man., who finds pleasure in hunting out needy persons was led to call at a house some weeks before Christmas to fill in names and particulars for seven old age pensioners, all between seventy-five and eighty-five years of age, who live there.

Then, on New Year's Eve, this person journeyed to that residence to see whether these old folks had been properly remembered. On inquiring of one, the answer came with the happiest smile, "Oh, yes, they sent me \$3, and I took it to the store and was able to get such a lot of groceries. My, it was a help!"

Enquiring at another door, an eighty-five year-old answered, with the greatest appreciation, "Yes, I got \$3, and I spent it on groceries right away."

Another said, "Oh, yes, we all got \$3 each, and I tell you it did come at a time when I sure needed it. My money was all gone and I did not have one teaspoon of sugar left in my place. Was I thankful to get it!" Another did not



wait for the writer to go to her door, but came out into the hall to give her thanks for that gift of \$3. She said, "I'm telling you the truth when I say—when I saw that gift—I sat and cried out of gratitude for the much-needed help!" None of them had ever received this help before. The writer told the woman

PLEASE OLD-AGE PENSIONERS

who had cried in her gratitude, "The only reason you have not received this help before is because your names were not given in. If I am in this city next Christmas I shall see that your names are all given in again." The woman replied with spirit, "Well, I hope you don't leave Winnipeg, for we need you here. You're our friend."

I don't think there are any more needy or more appreciative folk than the old age pensioners.—E.L.

THE FIRST GLAD CHRISTMAS MORN

THROUGH all the years that lie between

The first glad Christmas morn,
When herald angels first proclaimed
That Christ, The Lord, was born,
Till this sad day of strife, unrest,
When passions fiercely burn,
The voice of countless prophets cry—
Our Lord will soon return.



The shepherds find Joseph and Mary in a stable, and the Christ-child lying in a manger. They worship Him.

A NOTED American preacher tells of seeing a statue of Beethoven in the backyard of an unpretentious home. His first reaction was astonishment that anyone should so belittle the great composer, and insult the memory of one held so high by countless admirers. Beethoven's bust, he thought, belonged in the courts of the great and in the halls of the mighty, not in the backyards of the lowly.

But, on second thoughts, he de-

cided that the backyards of the world, as well as the halls of the great, need the softening and benign influence of one who has created so many heavenly harmonies.

And so again, as our thoughts hover around the stable and the manger, with its lowly associations, we see God loving the whole world, and Christ coming for all.

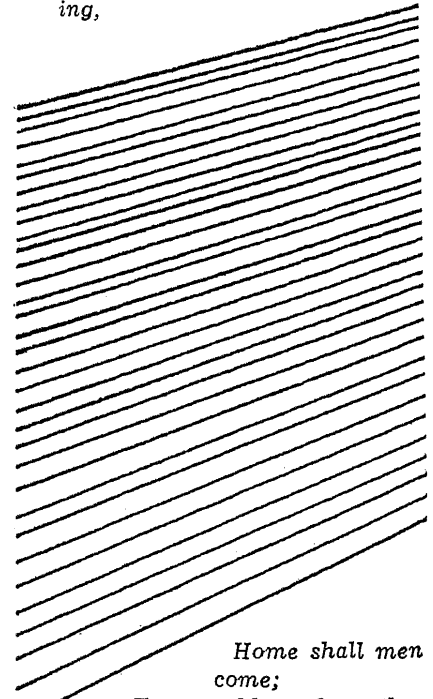
In those days, the public stable gave shelter to the poor and outcast—an ideal place to start a world brotherhood which had its begin-

Gathered

Various Groups

nings, that first Christmas night, with the shepherds and the wise men. It settled for all time that here were no class distinctions, no race or color limitations, no barrier of any kind. All classes and conditions of men would find a welcome and a home around the manger. Beethoven in a backyard—Christ in a manger.

"To an open house in the evening,



Home shall men come;

To an older place than

Eden,

And a taller town than Rome.

To the end of the way of the wandering star,

To the things that cannot be and that are,

To the place where God was homeless,

And all men are at home."

The groups that gathered around the Bethlehem cradle that first Christmas night, and the crowd that left Him "no room in the inn," are significant in their symbolism. They are types of mind and heart still with us today.

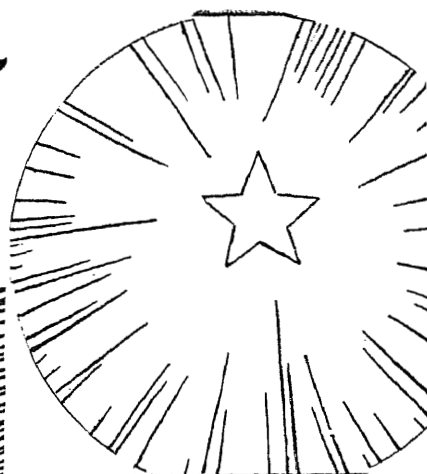
First there is the indifferent world—the crowd of visitors and traders, distinguished guests and lowly men

Round the Manger

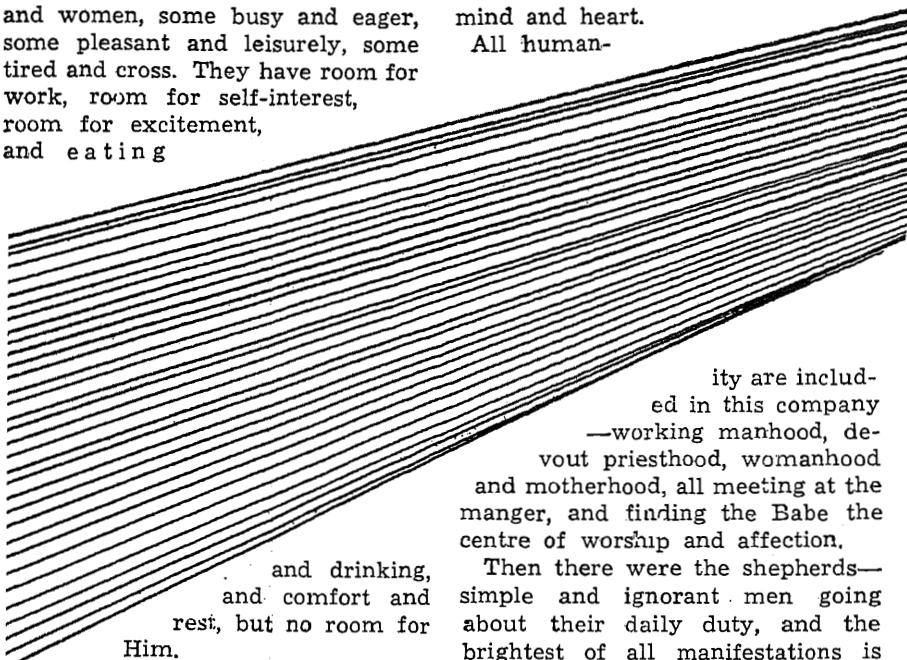
Symbolize Modern Types of Humans

and women, some busy and eager, some pleasant and leisurely, some tired and cross. They have room for work, room for self-interest, room for excitement, and eating

mind and heart.
All human-



By COMMISSIONER WM. R. DALZIEL
THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER



and drinking, and comfort and rest, but no room for Him.

With the indifferent world—for the most part still saying the same today, "no room"—and even for some who acknowledge His claims, He so often comes last, when all other claims are satisfied.

But there is another group, a happier and more blessed group, who gave to the Holy Babe a loving welcome. There are six individuals, three men and three women, who had made good use of all that God had already given them, and were ardently longing for more.

They stand like mountain peaks, catching the first glow of the sun, while the world slumbers on the dark plains below: Zacharias and Elisabeth, Simeon and Anna, Joseph and Mary. Luke carefully describes four of the six. Zacharias and Elisabeth were "both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Simeon was "just, devout, and the Holy Ghost was upon him." Anna "Served God with fasting and prayers, night and day."

Joseph and Mary are left undescribed, but the words of Mary, with their beautiful combination of triumph and humility, tell us of her

ity are included in this company—working manhood, devout priesthood, womanhood and motherhood, all meeting at the manger, and finding the Babe the centre of worship and affection.

Then there were the shepherds—simple and ignorant men going about their daily duty, and the brightest of all manifestations is given to them. Into the life of uninteresting drudgery came the message of the angels, and "they came with haste" to the manger, and "returned glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen."

Beyond poverty, beyond the monotony of daily life, they had been given a glimpse into the regal glories of Heaven, and when they had corroborated the message by rising and acting on what they had been told, they were able to speak of the good tidings of great joy to others.

There are others around the manger: The wise men—the very opposite of the careless spirit of an indifferent world; quite different from the shepherds, or the intimate group of devout souls.

Wise in the thoughts of this world, but ignorant of the revelations of God, they grasp eagerly at the slightest leading. They follow the light they have, and are led to the Light of Life.

To such, a star is sent. There are deserts to cross, there are long hard roads to traverse, but if, amid all



their labors, they are set on finding a Saviour, a solution to the enigma of life, if they diligently and sincerely follow the Star, they find the Christ. Such people have royal gifts to bring.

(Continued on page 17)

CHRISTMAS reminds us that Jesus Christ is the greatest fact of history. His is the greatest Christmas story, and He is the greatest Christmas gift. By the measure of His influence upon the lives of peoples and the programs of nations, by the test of the continuing moral authority of His philosophy, by the depth of love with which men and women and little children adore Him, by the universality of His worship and the uniqueness of His Saviourhood, He is the greatest fact of history.

He alone of all the prophets promises at once forgiveness for sin, triumphant over death, and the immortality of both work and personality.



Christmas—

In Canadian History

THE old-fashioned English Christmas came to Canada with the 20,000 United Empire Loyalists who founded New Brunswick; and the 25,000 who first peopled Upper Canada, our Ontario. It was at Christmas, 1783, that the first Yule Logs were cut in the Ontario forests, and dragged to the settlements by shouting men and boys, for no beast must ever be yoked to the log which was "Christmas!"

This was before stoves were used in Ontario, and though those wide open hearths must have left the houses chilly in zero weather, yet, when the stove came in the Yule Log had to go, and it is only when looking back to those first pioneer

dancing flames of the Yule Log.

We must not forget those old time Christmas dinners; venison was the chief dish, with salmon and white-fish, for a first course, and partridges and wild turkey to follow the deer meat. There was bread, of course, and abundance of butter; but pumpkins and onions seem to have been the main vegetables. For dessert there was a quantity of pies, of dried and preserved berries; and cakes of maple sugar.

The next Christmas date noted in Canada's history is also a pleasant homely one. A fortnightly mail was established between Canada and the United States, December 20, 1792. So that year the first Christmas mail was exchanged across the border. Before that, letters were carried by private messengers. Those old Christmas mail-bags would be interesting if we could see them now; there were no Christmas post-cards, but many thick letters; for those were letter writing days, when people covered many sheets

Serenading The Fishermen

A STRONG, north-easterly wind whistled through the rigging, accompanied by the blinding snow which reduced visibility to almost nil, as I took over duty at the "look-out" post of a small Scottish coasting vessel which heaved and tossed in the angry Irish Sea, making progress slow on a cold Christmas Eve, writes a British Salvationist.

Anxiously we looked for the pilot light ashore to indicate the narrow entrance to the sheltered waters of the river Foyle, leading to the city of Londonderry, our home port, where we would spend Christmas after a hard week at sea.

The great mass of twinkling lights of this city on a hill were gradually extinguished as the inhabitants settled down for the night. Arriving at the quayside, we found the old night watchman, and Paddy his dog, waiting to catch the mooring lines. Soon we were secure. Hot coffee and Christmas mails soon made us forget the past week of toil. We retired in the early hours of the morning.

My slumbers, however, were soon disturbed, for I was suddenly awakened by the sound of music which seemed to be at my very bedside. I looked around my cabin and observed in the dim night light only my comrade seamen, who were also awake and questioning the disturbance. I quickly made my way on deck, only to hear louder than ever the music and words of "Christians awake." I looked at my watch and observed that it was only 5 a.m.

I have never seen a more beautiful sight than the one which met my gaze for there on the quayside around a lamp stood a Salvation Army band, accompanied by a few brave sisters, playing and singing the Christmas message of the men that go down to the sea in ships.

We were all soon caught up in the mood and sang the carols lustily, and then watched the comrades disappear amongst the grey shadows of dockland, but not before the aged bandmaster had jumped down on deck and shaken each of us by the hand, wishing us a "Happy Christmas."

Before I got back into bed I knelt at my bedside and thanked God for these brave comrades who had made such sacrifice to bring the message of Christmas to the men of the sea. That is my most memorable Christmas, and I shall always feel indebted to those comrades.



Christmases, that we can see the pretty pictures of the family and guests standing round the hearth on Christmas Eve, while the master of the house solemnly lit the great log, and by the light of the flames read aloud the sweet old story of the Christ Child.

It was the custom then to have the religious service on Christmas Eve, and feasting and games on Christmas Day. In addition to the old English games, corn-popping was a recognized Christmas amusement in those pioneer days.

Then on December 25, 1790, was the first wedding in Upper Canada, when the only minister in Upper Canada who could perform a legal marriage, rode from Kingston to what is now Maitland, on horseback, to marry the couple awaiting him in the house all decked with spruce boughs and dried bunches of rowanberries (for holly normally does not grow in Ontario, and it was not imported then), and lit by the

with beautifully fine writing, as clear as type. Then there would be some copies of the one and only newspaper in Ontario, The "Upper Canada Gazette," a sheet fifteen by nine and a half inches; it appeared weekly, and its price was three dollars a year. But its Christmas editorials and advertisements had the same spirit if not the same wording as ours.

As the years advanced, other customs gradually found their way into Canadian life. The Christmas-tree idea came from Germany, via the United States, and today scarcely a home from one side of the Dominion to the other but what boasts its gaily-lit tree. The English term "Father Christmas" gave way to "Santa Claus"—a Dutch importation, or rather the English phonetic way of saying "St. Nicholas" as the Dutch say it, "San' Nikolaas". So, borrowing customs from here and there, the Canadian Christmas is as jolly as it is anywhere in the world.



"ALWAYSNESS!" It is an odd-sounding word; as odd as it appears in print. I confess I have never seen it before, but here it comes, with the assurance of realism; a confidence which is born of the verity of all His words who said: "Lo, I am with you always!"

It was Giovanni Papini who surprised the world of letters by addressing Him: "A little Child, Thou didst well among earth's little children. Condemned, Thou didst suffer with thieves . . . Invisible, even to those who seek Thee, Thou livest, perhaps in poverty, Thyself buying Thy loaf, and always passing unobserved by all."

Verily, He is everywhere for those who believing His word, accepting His pledge—"I am . . . always!", have eyes to see. Come with me, for the nonce; we shall see what we shall see. And He has a way of breaking His bread; maybe He will among us, too.

Because I had lived a goodish while on the earth, through more than seventy Christmases, with all manner of settings framing life's experiences, and with nigh to sixty years of practical journalism embracing them, it was not outrageous for the Editor-in-chief of Salvation Army publications in Canada to conclude that one should be able to tell a vivid story. So he wrote offering the hospitality of the 1953 issue of *The Christmas War Cry*, with the suggestion that things Canadian may have afforded me scope for such expression.

Recently, in Australia—I write early in the New Year—Salvation Army songster brigades have been reviving a too-long-silent Christmas carol which is associated with my first coherent memory of Yuletide. It was in the village of my birth; I must have been about seven or eight, and long before the advent of the songster brigade. But it was the custom of Welsh chapel choirs to spend Christmas Eve, and far into the early morning, carolling the coming of the Christ-Child. So the Salvationists—the corps was in its enthusiastic youth—planned to serenade all and sundry in similar

fashion. My mother, strangely enough, did not sing. My father played the fiddle and, in association with another soldier possessed of a violin, made the music. All the rest just opened up generous stores of melody, supercharging sin-free souls, and the long night gave rich opportunity as we passed from home to home. Heavy snow blanketed the valley, and it was cold; but I had been warmly outfitted and sang with the best of them. Here and there we were most seasonably entertained, and with provender more wonderful than Christmas cake and coffee, so I was not wearied by the novel happenings.

But of all the carols we sang, on that first Christmas I ever remember, I recall but one, the chorus of which said:

*Bending low, seeking so,
Men to save from endless loss;
Christ came down,
He left His throne,
To bleed and die upon the Cross.*

And that is the song we have been reviving in Australia recently.

During the intervening six decades I have hummed the beautifully-simple tune, and have mouthed, if soundlessly, as if they composed a feast in themselves the opening words of the song-poem:

*The Saviour chose a lowly place,
When He in Bethlehem was born . . .*

My outstanding Canadian remembrance, for I have one, in that same connection, did not find occasion in the Land of the Maple Leaf, where I had lived for awhile, thirteen years before. It was in the city of London during World War I—in 1917, maybe, and it was my privilege to be the bandmaster of the women's wartime band of the Old Grecian Corps, situated a mile or so from the Bank of England. That Christmas morning found about thirty of us serenading the leftover population of the Metropolis, housed in famous squares of boarding-houses, Bloomsbury way. We had made music for the soldiers in a New Zealand Hostel conducted by The Salvation Army and, to conclude, we marched to the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road. We had sent forth a carol or two in the snowy quadrangle, when a presiding military medico officer hurried down the steps, a huge carving knife in one hand, and a formidable fork in the other, to say:

"Sorry I could not get to you sooner. I'm busy carving turkeys

and geese for a change. I want to say that this band can be heard well indoors. Don't stay out here. The ward on my right is given up to young Canadian officers, casualties from overseas. Many of them have family parties and relatives eating dinner with them. You will find room at the nearer end, behind a row of screens and plants. You may serenade them to your hearts' content."

And so we did. Those bandswomen peeped past the screens and were inexpressibly stirred by the evidences of the marring tragedy of war, and the affectionate sympathy of the loved ones who had come, in some cases, across the wintry Atlantic to be with their maimed young heroes. But the sights proved a rare test for the sister-comrades as they played: "The Saviour chose a lowly place." And who will wonder that here and there, the music wore thin, and tears shone a gracious patina on those London Salvationists' faces.

Possibly my most moving Christmas encounter with life in the raw had no music to render it memorable. It was in 1910. Situation: the casual ward of a London workhouse. That night, following a day of foot-slogging copy-hunting, in character, and in company with a desperately-down-and-out tramp, midst that bane of Modern Babylon, an unremitting drizzle, I slept in a room with fifty other outcasts—slept in my soaked travel-worn garments, in an unwarmed, lean-to shed, without any bedding beneath or above me. (My Master slept midst the hay in a stable!) The long, low platform was ten inches high at the foot, and about twelve inches at the head, where a narrow box some three inches in height served as a pillow. It was icy cold, and the inquisitions of the multitudinous vermin were pitiless.

Through the years I have written much of matters which colored my thinking of that awful night, but one happening must serve as a chronicle of fact. I have said there was no music, but that is not strictly correct. There were all sorts of unwanted men present, and in another room were another fifty unfortunates. Their ages ranged from sixteen to seventy-odd, and each man could have provided matter for a thrilling book. The ugliest, most bestial, of the assemblage was a huge fellow who was fifty-ish. His face was lined like a map of the

"Alwaysness" In Whether We Are Reminded Continually To Christ of God May Ever Be Found

Availability

Watch For His Appearing Or Not The —Serving Or Being Served

underworld; deep, cruel tracks had been carved on his brutish countenance; his nose had been punched out of shape, as had also both his ears. He had a raucous growl for a voice most of the time; he snarled in silent hatred of all the rest of us, and he fought a wicked duel with a small-sized, jockey-like shrimp of a man, who had become involved in an argument with him.

Around midnight he went to sleep and snored appallingly. How long that entertainment continued I know not; it beat me into unconsciousness. But I guess it was when he ceased that I recovered. In any case I realized that all was peaceful, and I rolled over on my elbow in order to look down the piteous array of human wreckage to discover the cause of the cessation of the stridency. There he was, sitting up on the bed, his face uplifted and serene of expression; the one electric lamp illuminated the miracle of transformation then in

that beautiful Name every other sound died away, and I did not stir again until the labor-master burst in to arouse us to another day.

Where is the Canadian connection there? someone will ask. Possibly there is none so far but, when we were getting about, preparing for discharge, I saw a man of about thirty trying to get a shave in the bath-room which opened just across the aisle from the point where I had lain. There was no hot water, no soap, no towel; but he had a small parcel, wrapped in crushed, brown paper. It included a razor, brush and soap, and he managed to scrape his cheeks and chin into the approved smoothness. When he had affixed his white lined cardboard bottom of a shoe-box to his shirtless chest, hanging it there by means of a collar-stud to a whitish rubber neck-band, he looked about for his razor, but it had disappeared most mysteriously. Awful loss, indeed, to judge by the tragic ex-



and even. My home was wrapped in slumber in appreciation of Canada's central heating system as we had found it obtaining at our Davisville Avenue quarters. And then it occurred! Heaven itself seemed to draw near, or had the angels returned to remind us of the coming of the Christ-Child? Surely I had never been privileged to listen to so beautiful a piece of singing! Four men's voices, seemingly. I recall that the singers were Fred Beer, John Wood, Ernie Green and Dave Tiffin. They did something for me that early morning that music had never quite done otherwise. They brought the Spirit of the Master with them, and He broke Bread from Heaven for my feasting. And I was not looking for His appearing. Not always does He seem to wait to be assured of a welcome, so wonderful is He.

"Alwaysness?" There is always somebody needing to be served, I'm sure. It may be a criminal, or a little child. There is always a little child, I fancy. And Jesus says, "Lo! I am with you always!" May we be always ready to serve Him, as we serve the needy, of any type for His sake and in His name.

MY GIFT TO THE BABE

OPEN wide the stable door,
Monarchs rich and shepherds poor
Wait to tread the holy floor
Where lies the Son of God.

See they bring Him gifts of gold,
Tender lambs from Judah's fold,
As with awe their eyes behold
The infant Son of God.

Now I bow me at Thy stall,
Giftless, yet I give Thee all;
Thou art Lord and I am thrall
To Thee, O Son of God.

Arch. R. Wiggins (Colonel)

By Colonel James Hawkins, Australia

A FORMER EDITOR OF THE CANADIAN WAR CRY

progress. His eyes were closed; his hands were composed together as if he were a saint of old, as pictured in master paintings. Yes, he was praying! No music, did I say? Hush, hear ye him. He sang! Not only had his features been transfigured, his voice was also changed. He piped in what amounted to a childish treble, and the burden of his amazing lay was:

*Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee!*

Then he stumbled, coughed nervously a moment, and went on:

*In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Grant a little child a place.*

Again he paused, for he had not concluded his effort, seemingly, and, with his hands still folded together, he said: "Good-night mamma!" lay back upon the bed and went on with his sleeping, for he had not awakened.

Can you imagine the angelic host joining in? And what of the gentle Jesus Himself? All manner of conversation had been going on through the night, but at the mention of

pression on the sad, sad face. It was his last link with respectability. I spoke to him, assuring him that I had not seen anyone go near his shaving gadget.

"Why did you need to shave this morning?" I asked. "No one else has had a go at it." "I reckon I must get a job," he replied, "and who would employ a man with a dirty face?" "Not one of our many inhabitants, are you?" I observed to take his mind off his loss. "No, I'm a Canadian. I've had six months of bad luck in this country. What am I to do, now?" So I told him what to do. When I got out I phoned an officer at the Blackfriars Men's Shelter; the Canadian was met in due course and things were done for his recovery. He did well with his chance, as I have seen them do hundreds of times. And again there was a breaking of bread for the feeding of a soul, and William Booth's faith was justified once more.

* * *

Just one other reminiscence, if there should prove to be room. It is of another first-timer, and the carol was the famous "Silent Night." I had never heard it before.

The Christmas Eve of 1929 was far spent. The snow lay all deep

YULETIDE

In Many Lands



In England, the "bringing in of the Yule Log" was a great event. A huge log was dragged into the house in the midst of great rejoicings and put into the tremendous fireplace and then the household gathered around for the fun and frolic and feasting.

Customs vary, and in Sweden sometimes the Yule log is burned in the open field, the peasants dancing around the blaze and preserving the ashes from year to year. In Roumania the gaily-garbed household gather around the log, and as the sparks fly, they send their wishes upward with the sparks to secure their fulfilment. But the Jewish Feast of Light was held on December 17th, and disciples of the great-

The Christmas tree is comparatively modern. The earliest allusion to it seems to have been at Strasbourg in 1605. A German princess took the Christmas tree to France in 1840. Up to the introduction of the German custom into England (by Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria) the man's tree was the holly and the woman's the ivy, at Christmastide.

From trees it is an easy transition to wood, and to cribs and boxes made of wood. No one would connect the modern Christmas box with a religious ceremony. Yet the fact is that its origin goes back to the days when it was used as offertory boxes. These were widely used at Christmas time, and so we get Christmas "boxes" and "Boxing" Day.



est Jew who ever lived soon came to call their chief festival by the same title.

The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles is commemorated at the same season, and from this we doubtless get the custom of decorating our houses with green boughs, as well as holly and mistletoe.

That brings us to trees in general and to one in particular. The Gipsy people have a pretty legend that the Christ-Child is closely akin to them, for He also was born in the open air and under a wintry sky. The holly, the pine, and the yew trees drew near in order to shelter Him under their branches, for which gracious service they have had conferred on them their evergreen character. But the oak and the ash revealed where the Babe lay, so they became the woods chiefly chosen for burning at Christmastide.

ROAST PEACOCK

FASHIONS in Christmas dinners come and go. In olden days at a Christmas feast in England, next in importance to the boar's head as a Christmas dish was the peacock. To prepare the bird for the table was a task entailing no little trouble. The skin was first carefully stripped off with the plumage adhering. The bird was then roasted; when done and partially cooled it was sewed up again in its feathers, its beak painted with gilt, and so sent to the table. Sometimes the whole body was covered with leaf gold. This "food for lovers and meat for lords" was stuffed with spices and sweets, basted with yolks of eggs and served with plenty of gravy.

The noble bird was not served by common hands; that privilege was reserved for the lady guests most distinguished by birth or beauty. One of them carried it into the dining hall to the sounds of music, the rest of the ladies following in due order. The dish was set down before the master of the house or his most honored guest. The latest instance of peacock eating recorded was at a dinner given to William IV, when Duke of Clarence, by the Governor of Grenada.

WHEN Christmas comes but once a year, it comes bringing a mixed multitude of things — some Christian, some pagan, and many of very mixed origin.

The early Christians kept Easter, and when they kept the birthday of Jesus it was what they regarded as His baptismal day, January 6th. It was not until the fourth century that Christmas festivals began, and in harmony with the characteristic of the human mind to remember, to forget, and to combine the processes, they fixed the forgotten day of Christ's birth on the remembered "birthday of the unconquered sun," the Persian god Mithras, at the time of the Roman Saturnalia, the festival of the stars.

But how appropriate! For surely light, life and liberty are the very things that come to man by the birth of Jesus. And round this festival of God, good and giving, there have gathered all sorts of things from manifold sources.

In the Northern hemisphere, of course, Christmas comes in the middle of winter, and there are many in this land who have recollections of Christmas carolling and games amidst the snow. Many of our ancestors must have been considerably startled when they first found that Christmas in some climes came in the midst of summer heat and sunshine. It was difficult for them to keep up the same kind of celebrations as they had been accustomed to in their own Northern lands.

In Finland Christmas Day is "Joudu," and the English language retains the Saxon "Juul" in "Yule" and "Noel," the title given by the early Saxons' heathen ancestors to this season's festival to welcome the turning back of the sun. So obviously this made it a Feast of Fire and Light.

Christmas

They Found The Christ

BY MRS. COMMISSIONER W. ARNOLD (R)

"Find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."—Acts 17:27

HOW far was it to the star-lit town?
'Twas a long and toilsome way;
'Twas over the desert and up and down,
To the place where the Christ-Child
lay.
But the Wise Men started with purpose
true,
And they found the Christ when they
followed through.

How far is it to the Light of Life,
That gleams from the star above?
It's over the desert of sin and strife,
And into His arms of love;
And we must follow with purpose true
The Star that the Wise Men followed
through.

How far is it to the angels' song,
To the carol of "Peace on earth;"

Oh, they sing for you while you pass
along,
As they did at the Saviour's birth!
And the peace they sing is a gift for you,
That will gladden your heart and life
anew.

How far is it to the Saviour now?
It is just that you kneel and pray,
And never a sin on your heart allow,
But walk in His chosen way,
For He is the manger-cradled Child,
He lives in the heart of the undefiled.

How far is it to the Golden Shore,
Where the saints immortal stand?
It's only a step when your work is o'er,
And a clasp of the Saviour's hand.
Oh, be ready then when He calls for you,
And His hand will guide you safely
through!

The Long-Expected One

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

God's Miracle

GOOD shepherds, wherefore hither
sped
So early, with such hurried tread?
"A wonder! Stay us not!" they said,
"For we must search yon village street,
A Baby fresh from God to greet,
His Miracle, so new, so sweet!"
And when within the sorrow-worn,
A new and blessed hope is born,
They know it is a Christmas morn.
God's miracle—for aye the same!
Whene'er some sick and wasted frame
Is re-created in His Name.
New life, new birth, the mystery
Which was, and is, and is to be;
God's Miracle—in you and me!

Florence Verinder.

The Unveiled Christ

BETHLEHEM'S Babe, the Christ of Christmas, is unveiled as "God in man,"
Essence of the Love Eternal working out redemption's plan;
Only when we catch that vision can we fully understand
The unveiling of our Saviour, who is now at God's right hand.

Bethlehem's Babe, the world's Redeemer, is our Father's greatest Gift
To a sin-cursed, dying people; Christ unveiled doth mankind lift
From the depths to life eternal; wondrous is the Father's love
Magnified in Christ, our Saviour, love's own gift from realms above.

Bethlehem's Babe, the Light Undying, points the weary, wayward feet
Of the sinsick to the Father, when re-union is complete.
Not alone should we think of Him in the glorious Christmas-time
But, throughout each day and hour, for He is our Hope Divine. Ethel Alder

CHRISTMAS, 1953



The Christmas Angels

ON quiet wings one night of old
We came with a song of peace,
And over the hills the echoes rolled . . .
Earthward we came through the listening
skies,
Choir upon choir, clothed as in fire—
Sang in a splendor of mystical fire
The song that cannot cease.

But men were deaf to the song that
night,
And only the shepherds heard
As they knelt alone in the strange star's
light,
While their white flocks slept among the
rocks,
In deep wet grass among the rocks;
Only the shepherds with wondering eyes
Looked upward, dazed and stirred.

Tonight we descend, unseen by men,
To a world where wars increase—
And the sound of our singing falls again.
Clear our message runs, but shattering
guns,
And soaring fleets that roar and rise
DESTROY our song of peace.

But still we sing as we sang of old
Over starry Bethlehem—
Though men forget how the echoes rolled
Over the hills and along the skies . . .
Though men forget Love's triumph yet—
Forget the Child of the Manger yet
And the Peace He brought for them.
W.W.

The War Cry is indebted to the Regal
Christmas Card Company for the loan
of the art work comprising the cover of
this issue.

PAGE FIFTEEN

WHEN STAGE COACHES ROLLED IN LONDON

Yuletide Memories of a City That Always Keeps Christmas

By Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Putt
A Former Editor of the Canadian War Cry

THE very first memory of my life is that of a Christmas! I was a child of four at the time and recall vividly awakening to consciousness in a cot in one of London's historic institutions, Westminster Hospital, on Christmas morning. Evidently I had been seriously ill, for I cannot remember any event before that occasion.

The first thing to catch my eye was a sparkling fir tree erected in the centre of the large ward. My nurse asked me what I wanted most from the toy-laden boughs, and I recall weakly pointing to a gay fairy adorning the peak of the tree. I was not given the fairy, of course, and was disappointed. But I was recompensed by the gift of a fluffy black toy dog.

My parents owned a store near the hospital and adjacent to Buckingham Palace, and men and women prominent in the nation's affairs frequently dropped in to make a purchase. Incidentally my father, an expert metal-worker, made some of the ornamental casements of the royal palace. My mother was fond of telling the story that, when I was a wee toddler, I once ran away from my nursemaid during an outing in St. James Park and was picked up by no less a personage than Mr. W. E. Gladstone, the great statesman, and carried back to the store. He gave me a kiss as he smilingly handed me over to my mother.

Later my parents moved to South London, where we spent several Christmases in the heart of Dickens' London, reminiscent of his wonderfully-descriptive story, "A Christmas Carol". Holly and roses decorated long gleaming rows of poultry in the shops while bright naphtha flares spluttered overhead. I frequently strolled along old Marshalsea Road and other old thoroughfares, where Dickens secured much of his material for his books, and gazed upward with awe at the jail scaffolds and irons which held the remains of wretched felons who had been executed. I can recall these revolting relics being removed, doubtless aided by public protest.

In those early days the then familiar crossing-sweepers had not



left the streets, but busily plied their brooms; stage-coaches were still running in some districts and, in bitter weather, scarf-wrapped citizens shivered around specially-erected stand-pipes, waiting their turn to draw water into a variety of kitchen utensils. Dickens' characters might still be seen and, in the not-far-distant countryside, Christmas-card scenes of great beauty abounded. The motor age had yet to come.

My first Christmas in Canada was a lonely experience for a young emigrant in his search for a land of promise. My first job—at the Rat Portage lumber mill (Norwood, Man.)—was rough and dangerous, and netted me the princely wages of fifteen cents per hour. I found lodgings in a large, rambling old house on the bank of the historic Red River, and spent Christmas Day forlornly staring out over the bleak wastes of the deeply-frozen waterway, alternately pushing tamarac logs into an old-fashioned furnace. The landlady, a widow, fell sick and I kept the home fires burning.

The temperature at that time was well down to forty degrees below zero and, shortly after Christmas, the mill provided an awesome spectacle by burning to the ground. No water could be found to fight the flames, everything was frozen solid, even the big mill pond!

My next job was at the Weston C.P.R. stores and, among sundry odd items that I had occasion to ship to the booming western prairie centres, were construction equip-

ment and stores of all kinds—including locomotives, cabooses, smokestacks—that took several flat cars to transport them, and hundreds of rails and switches. Large gangs of men handled the material while they were being checked. After I became an Army officer, no doubt I travelled to many parts of the new West over these same rails and roadbed equipment.

During my first Christmas as an officer—assisting at a small Ontario corps—a rather pleasing incident took place. A gathering had been arranged for the poorer children from a nearby "shacktown," but no Christmas tree was available. Funds were also low. The Captain in charge had an intense love for the little folk, and the subject was made a matter of prayer at the officers' devotional period. Wonderfully enough, just as the Captain uttered his final believing "Amen," a loud thump announced the arrival of a

(Continued on page 18)

His Star

THAT night, when Baby Jesus lay
On Bethlehem's rude bed of hay,
He sent His Star to be the guide
That led the Wise Men to His side.

They hurried when they saw the light
Shine out on that first Christmas night;
It showed them where to find the stall
That held the Saviour—Lord of all.

I see one bright star up on high
Each night when I look toward the sky—
I think His star still shines to guide
His wandering children to His side.
Marjorie Allen Anderson



Round The Manger

(Continued from page 9)

Finally, we are forced to see one other face looking on—the evil face of Herod. Without that sinister figure the group would not be complete, because Christmas has its effect upon the evil of the world as well as upon the good.

Within the wide horizon of indifference, and the closer circles of beautiful welcome, there is still amongst us one element of real hostility. "We will not have this man to reign over us." He demands too much; far rather would we rule our lives according to our own will. "Come, let us kill Him, and the inheritance shall be ours." There is Christ, the Lord, young, defenceless, easily killed; it is no hard task to banish Him from our lives.

Such are the types that to this day stand around the Holy Child. Violent opposition is rare, but it is powerful, like a sharp-edged sword. Indifference is quiet, but all-pervading, like a smothering blanket, or a stifling fog.

Jesus Remains

The innermost circle is still amongst us; men and women, with open hearts, looking towards God, and ready to be trusted with the very secrets and joys of Heaven.

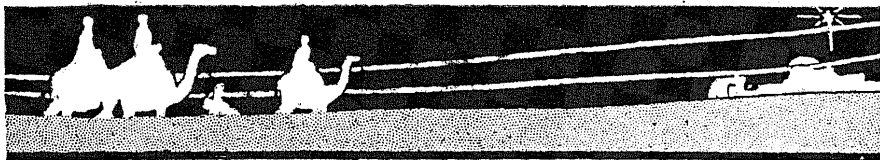
The learned come with difficulty, but they find; while the poor of this world, rich in faith, have their hearts filled to the brim with confidence and joy, and are able to tell the good tidings to those around them.

To you, to each one of us, separately, "this day is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The angels may go, but Jesus remains. In a little while the hillside was all dark again, but the Babe was still lying in the manger. The angels went, but Jesus did not go. He grew in wisdom and stature; He lived within their borders and toiled as the carpenter of Nazareth.

The vision of the angels was a memory but the Babe they heralded was more than that—He was a living power in their midst.

He is "the same yesterday, today, forever," and "unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."



A Star Hung Low

Words and Music by H.P.W.

1. A star hung low in an east-ern sky, One night in the long-a-
 2. And shep-herds camped on a lone-ly hill Were thrilled at a burst-of
 3. The stars shine bright o'er the world to-night, O'er moun-tain and dale-and

go,— And wise men fol-lowed that beck-'ning gleam, Pressed on-ward with
 song,— A glimpse of heav-en-ly ec-sta-sy Ex-pressed by the
 plain,— Re-call-ing to mor-tals that scene of old, When good-will came

hearts a-glow; (hearts a-glow) For the star pro-claimed to a wea-ry
 an-gels' song; (an-gels' song) And with fear-ful joy they hur-ried
 down to man; (down to man) And heav-en's mes-sage of in-ward

world The truth of a se-er's dream, And it led a-right to the
 forth To wor-ship the ho-ly Child; Then ex-claimed with joy when they
 peace, Of free-dom and fear-less mirth, In a thou-sand car-ols is

In-fant Christ, Whom they wor-shipped with joy su-preme. (joy su-preme)
 found the Babe, And peace to their na-tures wild. (na-tures wild)
 heard a-gain, Re-fresh-ing a wea-ry earth. (wea-ry earth)

THE PERMANENCE OF YULETIDE

"I WISH there were some new way to say 'Merry Christmas.'" Twice today I have overheard that remark. And each time I have said reverently to myself: "Thank God, there isn't."

The spirit of Christmas is as simple as the heart of a child. It needs no new slogan and no special sales effort. No advertising agent can lend new glamor to its ancient magic. It is as elemental as the sun and the wind and the rain, as the stars that glowed on Galilee on holy

night, and now shed their same steady light on an older world.

No, there is no new way to say "Merry Christmas." The tree you will bedeck is the same as all the trees of its kind that have stood on all the hills since the world was young. The joy in a child's eyes on Christmas morning is the joy that has filled the eyes of children since Christmas became an institution. Back of the gifts and the gaiety is an immemorial spirit of good will to men. — Anon

A MISUNDERSTANDING

I LIKED the story of the old lady in a South London town who was asked by the girl-Lieutenant, going from door to door with the collecting box, if she would "like to help the carolers."

"I'd love to dearie," she replied rather croakily, "but I've got the bronchitis something terrible this year. I couldn't sing a note."

The Musician

Christmas is still Christmas. In a world awry with changes, let us give thanks for one permanency!



The Real Meaning of Christmas

(Continued from page 3)

horror and compassion at the terrible things that happen in it every second. However tender and loving, however shaken and moved by the sufferings and tragedies that affect them personally, men and women instinctively close their hearts to other tragedies every whit as great as their own and those immediately around them. A perfect being would not shut his heart in self-protection. He would suffer with others and give himself unceasingly to relieve and succor them.

The whole meaning of Christmas, the miracle of Christ's birth — and death — is that once and once only

in human history was there such a being. He so loved His fellow men that His whole life was dedicated without the least alloy of self to the relief and service of all those who stood in need of them.

Two Simple Rules

He left us two commandments: that we should love God — whose nature He revealed to us by His own — with all our being; and that we should love our neighbor as ourselves. However far we are from fulfilling either, we all of us, as a result of Christ's life, come at Christmas for a moment a little nearer to both.

THE ONLY QUEST WORTH WHILE

(Continued from page 11)

nobler story than that of Scott and his companions who, in the early years of this century, made a quest across the wild plateau of the great antarctic continent, seeking the South Pole.

Seeking, searching, pressing on and on in an endeavor to reach some chosen goal, for some, the objective of the quest is mere material wealth; for some, the thrill of adventure—the more thrilling if salted with danger and with promise of material reward.

May I at this Christmastide suggest that the only quest really worth while is the quest for the Christ of Christmas, the Saviour of the world? It is the Salvationist's earnest belief that for every man, for every woman, there is possible a personal experience of Christ as Saviour and Friend. He is indeed the "goodly pearl" for which the wise merchantman in Christ's own story sold all his possessions that he might buy it; He is the true hidden treasure for which a man may well sell all that he has that he may possess it.

Is He hard to find? Is such a quest beyond us? Not if we are willing to seek Him as humbly as a little child, as sincerely as a maiden pure, as earnestly as a passionate adult.

(Continued in column 3)

CHRISTMAS, AND NOTHING TO GIVE

(Continued from page 6)

Can we not give to our loved ones a sunnier countenance, a cheerier demeanor, a more thoughtful and sympathetic understanding in patient consideration and watchful and prayerful love? Can we not give ourselves more heartily to them? I think it was Gipsy Smith, whose world-wide evangelism carried him far afield from home, who before starting on one of his far journeys asked his little daughter, who was nestling in his arms, what gift she would like him to bring to her.

The little one nestled closer, threw her arms around his neck, put her little face against his, burst into tears, and said:

"Oh, Daddy, I don't want any present; I just want you."

If we can give ourselves to God, to our loved ones, to the little children about us, to our brothers and sisters in Christ, to the sinners that throng us, to the strangers we meet, in some deeper, fuller sense than we have before, we shall have bestowed better gifts than rubies or diamonds or houses or lands, and the blessedness of our giving will abide through all coming years and can never perish.

Can we not give ourselves on Christmas Day more heartily to the preparation of our hearts and minds for the great work that God has given us to do; to prayer, to meditation, to study of His Word, to thoughtful consideration of the great war in which we are engaged, and the methods and the spirit by which we are to win the war? If we do, this will be a Christmas remembered for our fine giving.

Carols In a Mine

THREE American Salvation Army officers descended 1,650 feet to the coal face at Manvers Main Colliery, Mexborough, England, to conduct a carol service, assisted by a brass quartet from the corps. An area was cleared and lighted for the occasion and a large crowd of miners with the under-manager and other officials congregated. The meeting lasted an hour. It was mentioned in the British Broadcasting Company "News From The North."

One of the miners, Young People's Sergeant-Major Wilfred Forbes, who regularly conducts a service for the men while waiting underground for the cage, sang, "The Old Rugged Cross" at their request.

RESPONSE TO YULETIDE

AN account of their first Christmas in Japan was recently received in a letter written by a former Canadian officer, Mrs. Brigadier A. Long. Christmas pots appeared on the streets of Tokyo for the first time, a generous response was made and many needy people were fed during the holiday season. Christmas night was spent with the children of the Tokyo Girls' Home and, Christmas morning, a meeting was held at one of the corps.

Tickets were given to 500 poor children for a program given at the central hall during Christmas week. New Year's day is a national holiday in Japan, and a new platform was erected at the station to accommodate the crowds that visited one of the nearby shrines. On the following day an open-air was held.

WHEN COACHES ROLLED

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handsome spruce tree, leaning against the quarters' storm door. We never discovered by whose hand the Lord sent the timely gift.

A subsequent Christmas found me in charge of an Alberta corps where, instead of the customary serenading on Christmas morning, it was decided to hold a regular open-air meeting. It happened that many of the comrades had been up late the previous evening caroling and our numbers were few, but a young woman on the sidewalk, home for the holiday, volunteered to hold the flag. She also came to the indoor meeting and gave her heart to God, the best gift that any of us can give to the Saviour, especially on Christmas Day. She later became an officer.

(Continued from Column 1)

Come then, let us also go even unto the Bethlehem of the Holy Word, and see this wonderful thing which the Lord has made known unto us, even the coming of the "Dayspring from on high," the Christ of God, our Saviour and Friend.



Christmas Joy

*is reflected
on the faces
of these Children carollers*

The Christmas War Cry



Good King Wenceslas

The Christmas War Cry



Good King Wenceslas